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POETRY.

TWO LITTLE PAIR OF BOOTS.

[By S. S. Perry.]

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes!
They ran the livelong day!
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away!
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies,
They roll it up in marbles round,
And bake it into pies;
And then at noon upon the floor
In every shape it lies.

To-day I was disposed to scold;
But when I look to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be,
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk, up stairs, I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
Whatever should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets, all the year,
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day.

We mothers weary get and worn,
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of these little ones,
Let each of us beware;
For what would our firesides be to-night,
If no little boots were there?

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.
[ABRIDGED.]

CONTINUED.

Thus before the king did Edith stand with the warm May wind lifting and playing with her long golden locks. He checked his palfrey, and murmured some Latin words which the knight beside him recognized as a prayer, and to which, doffing his cap, he added an amen, in a tone of such unctuous gravity, that the royal saint rewarded him with a faint approving smile.

Then inclining his palfrey's head towards the knoll, King Edward motioned to the girl to approach him. Edith with a heightened color, obeyed, and came to the roadside. The standard-bearer halted, as did the king and his comrade—the procession behind halted—thirty knights, two bishops, eight abbots all on fiery steeds and in Norman garb—squires and attendants on foot—a long and pompous retinue—they halted all.

"Edith, my child," said Edward, "Edith, my child, thou hast not forgotton my lessons, I trow; thou singest the hymns I gave thee, and neglectest not to wear the relic round thy neck."

The girl hung her neck, and spoke not.

"How comes it, then," continued the king, with a voice which he in vain endeavored to impart an accent of severity, "how comes it, O little one, that thou, whose thoughts should be lifted already above this carnal world, and eager for the service of Mary the chaste and blessed, standest thou hoodless and alone on the waysides, a mark for the eye of man? go to, it is nought."

Thus reproved, in the presence of so large and brilliant a company, the girls color went and came, her breast heaved high, but with an effort beyond her age, she checked her tears and said meekly, "My grandmother, Hilda, bade me come with her, and I came."

"Hilda!" said the king, backing his palfrey with apparent perturbation, "but Hilda is not with thee; I see her not."

As he spoke, Hilda rose, and so suddenly did her tall form appear on the brow of the hill, that it seemed as if she had emerged from the earth. With a light and rapid stride she gained the side of her grandchild;

and after a slight and haughty reverence said, "Hilda is here, what wants Edward the king with his servant Hilda?"

"Naught, naught," said the king, hastily, and something like fear passed over his placid countenance; "save, indeed," he added, with a reluctant tone, as of that of a man who obeys his conscience against his inclination, "that I would pray thee to keep this child pure to threshold and alter, as is meet for one whom our Lady, the Virgin, in due time will elect to her service.',

"Not so, son of Etheldred, son of Woden; the last descendant of Penda should live, not to glide a ghost amidst cloisters, but to rock children to war in their father's shield. Few men are there yet like the men of old, and while the foot of the foreigner is on the Saxon soil no branch on the stem of Woden should be nipped in the leaf."

"By the Splendor of God, bold dame," cried the knight by the side of Edward, while a lurid flush passed over his cheek of bronze; "but thou art too glib of tongue for a subject, and pratest overmuch of Woden, the Paynim, for the lips of a Christian matron."

Hilda met the flashing eye of the knight with a brow of lofty scorn, on which still a certain terror was visible.

"Child," she said, putting her hand upon Edith's fair locks; "this is the man thou shalt see but twice in thy life—look up, and mark well!"

Edith instinctively raised her eyes, and, once fixed upon the knight, they seemed chained as by a spell. His vest, so dark, that it seemed black beside the snowy garb of the Confessor, was edged by a deep band of embroidered gold; leaving perfectly bare his firm full throat—firm and full as a column of granite—a short jacket or manteline of fur, pendent from the shoulders, left developed in all its breadth a breast, that seemed meet to stay the march of an army; and on the left arm, curved to support the falcon, the vast muscles rose, round and gnarled, through the close sleeve.

In height, he was really but little above the stature of many of those present, nevertheless, so did his port, his air, the nobility of his large proportions, fill the eye, that he seemed to tower immeasurably above the rest.

That presence was calculated to command the admiration of women, not less the awe of men. But no admiration mingled with the terror that seized the girl as she gazed long and wistful upon the knight. The fascanation of the serpent on the bird held her mute and frozen. Never was that face forgotton; often in after-life it haunted her in the noonday, it frowned upon her dreams.

"Fair child," said the knight, fatigued at length by the obstinacy of the gaze while that smile peculiar to those who have commanded men relaxed his brow, and restored the native beauty to his lip, "fair child, learn not from thy peevish grandame so uncourteous a lesson as hate of the foreigner. As thou growest into womanhood, know that Norman knight is sworn slave to lady fair;" and, doffing his cap, he took from it an uncut jewel, set in Byzantine filagree work. "Hold out thy lap, my child; and when thou hearest the foreigner scoffed, set this bauble in thy locks, and think kindly of William, count of the Normans."

He dropped the jewel on the ground as he spoke; for Edith, shrinking and unsoftened towards him, held no lap to receive it; and Hilda, to whom Edward had been speaking in a low voice, advanced to the spot, and struck the jewel with her staff under the hoofs of the king's palfrey.

"Son of Emma, the Norman woman, who sent thy youth into exile, trample on the gifts of thy Norman kinsman. And if, as men say, thou art of such gifted holiness that Heaven grants thy hand the power to heal and thy voice the power to curse, heal thy country, and curse the stranger!"

She extended her right hand to William as she spoke, and such was the dignity of her passion, and such its force, that an awe fell upon all. Then dropping her hood over her face she slowly turned away, regained the summit of the knoll, and stood erect beside the alter of the Northern god, her face invisible through the hood drawn completely over it, and her form motionless as a statue.

"Ride on," said Edward, crossing himself.

"Now by the bones of St. Valery," said William, after a pause, in which his dark keen eye noted the gloom upon the king's gentle face, "it moves much my simple wonder how even presence so saintly can hear without wrath words so unleal and foul. Gramercy, 'an the proudest dame in Normandy (and I take her to be wife to my stoutest baron, William Fitzosborne), had spoken thus to me—"

"Thou wouldst have done as I, my brother," interrupted Edward; "prayed to our lady to pardon her, and rode on pitying."

"Now, by my Halidame, I honor and love thee, Edward," cried the duke, with a heartiness more frank than was usual to him—"and were I thy subject, woe to man or woman that wagged tongue to wound thee by a breath. But who and what is this same Hilda? one of thy kith and kin?—surely nought less than kingly blood runs so bold?"

"William, *bien aimé*," said the king, "it is true that Hilda, whom the saints assoil, is of kingly blood, though not of our kingly line. It is feared," added Edward, in a timid whisper, as he cast a hurried glance around him, "that this unhappy woman has ever been more addicted to the rites of her pagan ancestors than to those of Holy Church—and men do say that she hath thus acquired from fiend or charm secrets devoutly to be eschewed by the righteous. Natheless let us rather hope that her mind is somewhat distraught with her misfortunes."

The king sighed, and the duke sighed too, but the duke's sigh spoke impatience. He swept behind him a stern and withering look towards the proud figure of Hilda, still seen through the glades, and said in a sinister voice: "Of kingly blood; but this witch of Woden has no sons or kinsmen, I trust, who pretend to the throne of the Saxon?"

"She is sibbe to Githa, wife of Goodwin," answered the king, "and that is her most perilous connection; for the banished earl, as thou knowest, did not pretend to fill the throne, but he was content with naught less than governing our people."

While King Edward was narrating to the Norman duke all that he knew, and all that he knew not, of Hilda's history and secret arts and character, and just as William was beginning to grow weary of his good cousin's prolix recitals, the hounds suddenly gave tongue and from a sedge-grown pool by the

way-side, with solemn wing and harsh boom, rose a bittern.

"Holy St. Peter!" exclaimed the saint-king, spurring his palfrey, and loosing his famous Peregrine falcon. William was not slow in following that animated example, and the whole company rode at half speed across the rough forest-land, straining their eyes upon the soaring quarry, and the wheels of the falcons. Riding thus, with his eyes in the air, Edward was nearly pitched over his palfrey's head, as the animal stopped suddenly; checked by a high gate, set deep in a half embattled wall of brick and rubble. Upon this gate sat, quite unmoved and apathetic, a tall ceorl, or laborer, while behind it was a gazing curious group of men of the same rank, clad in those blue tunics of which our peasant's smock is the successor, and leaning on scythes and flails. Sour and ominous were the looks they bent upon that Norman calvacade. The men were at least as well clad as those of the same condition are now; and their robust limbs and ruddy cheeks showed no lack of the fare that supports labor. Indeed, the working man of that day, if not one of the absolute theowes, or slaves was, physically speaking, better off, perhaps, than he has ever since been in England.

"Open the gate, open quick, my merry men," said the gentle Edward (speaking in Saxon, though with a strong foreign accent), after he had recovered his seat, murmured a benediction, and crossed himself three times. The men stirred not.

"No horse tramps the seed we have sown for Harold the earl to reap;" said the ceorl doggedly, still seated on the gate. And the group behind him gave a shout of applause.

Moved more than ever he had been known to be before, Edward spurred his steed up to the boor, and lifted his hand. At that signal twenty swords flashed in the air behind, as the Norman nobles spurred to the place. Putting back with one hand his fierce attendants, Edward shook the other at the Saxon. "Knave, knave," he cried, "I would hurt you, if I could!"

There was something in these words, fated to drift down into history, at once ludicrous and touching. The Normans saw them only in the former light, and turned aside to conceal their laughter; the Saxon felt them in the latter, and truer sense, and stood rebuked. This great king, whom he now recognized, with all those drawn swords at his back, could not do him hurt: that the king had not the heart to hurt him. The ceorl sprang from the gate, and opened it, bending low.

"Ride first, Count William, my cousin," said the king, calmly.

The Saxon ceorl's eyes glared as he heard the Norman's name uttered in the Norman tongue, but he kept open the gate, and the train passed through, Edward lingering last. Then said the king, in a low voice—

"Bold man, thou spokest of Harold the earl and his harvests; knowest thou not that his lands have passed from him, that he is outlawed, and his harvests are not for the scythes of his ceorls to reap?"

"May it please you, dread lord and king," replied the Saxon, simply, "these lands that were Harold the earl's are now Clappa's, the sixhændman's."

"How is that?" quoth Edward hastily; "we gave them neither to sixhændman nor to Saxon. All the lands of Harold hereabout were divided among sacred abbots and noble chevaliers—Normans all."

"Fulke the Norman had these fair fields, yon orchard and tynen; Fulke sold them to Clappa, the earl's sixhændman, and what in mancuses and pence Clappa lacked of the price, we the ceorls of the earl, made up from our own earnings in the earl's noble service. And this very day, in token thereof we have quaffed the bedder-ale. Wherefore, please God and our Lady, we hold these lands part and parcel with Clappa; and when Earl Harold comes again, as he will, here at least he shall have his own."

Edward, who, despite a singular simplicity of character which at times seemed to border on imbecility, was by no means wanting in penetration when his attention was fairly roused, changed countenance at this proof of rough and comely affection on the part of these men to his banished earl and brother-in-law. He mused a little while in grave thought, and then said, kindly—

"Well, man, I think not the worse of you for loyal love to your thegn, but there are those who would do so, and I advise you, brotherlike, that ears and nose are in peril if thou talkest thus indiscreetly."

"Steel to steel, and hand to hand," said the Saxon, bluntly, touching the long knife in his leathern belt, "and he who sets gripe on Sexwolf son of Elthelm, shall pay his weregeld twice over."

"Forewarned, foolish man, thou art forewarned.—Peace," said the king; and shaking his head, he rode on to join the Normans, who were now, in a broad field, where the corn sprang green, and which they seemed to delight in wantonly trampling, as they curveted their steeds to and fro, watched the movements of the bittern and the pursuit of the two falcons.

"A wager, my lord king!" said a prelate, whose strong family likeness to William proclaimed him to be the duke's bold and haughty brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, "a wager. My steed to your palfrey that the duke's falcon first fixes the bittern."

"Holy father," answered Edward, in that slight change of voice which alone showed his displeasure, "these wagers all savor of heathenesse, and our canons forbid them to mone and priest. Go to it is naught."

The bishop who brooked no rebuke, even from his terrible brother, knit his brows, and was about to make no gentle rejoinder, when William whose profound craft or sagacity was always at watch, lest his followers should displease the king, interposed, and, taking the word out of the prelate's mouth, said,

"Thou reprovest us well, sir and king; we Normans are too inclined to such levities. And see, your falcon is first in pride of place. By the bones of St. Valery how nobly he towers! See him cover the bittern! see him rest on the wing! Down he swoops! gallant bird!"

"With his head split in two on the bittern's bill," said the bishop; and down, rolling one over the other, fell bittern and hawk, while William's Norway falcon, smaller of size than the king's, decended rapidly, and hovered over the two. Both were dead.

"I accept the omen," muttered the gazing duke in Latin; "let the natives destroy each other." He placed his whistle to his lips, and his falcon flew back to his wrist.

"Now home," said King Edward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER I.

There are places which appear at first sight inaccessible to romance; and such a place was Mr. Wardlaw's dining-room in Russell Square. It was very large, had sickly green walls, picked out with aldermen, full length; heavy maroon curtains; mahogany chairs; a turkey carpet an inch thick; and was lighted with wax candles only.

In the centre, bristling and gleaming with silver and glass, was a round table, at which fourteen could have dined comfortably; and at opposite sides of this table sat two gentlemen, who looked as neat, grave, precise, and unromantic, as the place; Merchant Wardlaw and his son.

Wardlaw senior was an elderly man, tall, thin, iron-gray, with a round head, a short, thick neck, a good, brown eye, a square jowl that betokened resolution, and a complexion so sallow as to be almost cadaverous. Hard as iron; but a certain stiff dignity and respectability sat upon him, and became him.

Arthur Wardlaw resembled his father in figure, but his mother in face. He had, and has, hay-colored hair, a forehead singularly white and delicate, pale blue eyes, largish ears, finely chiselled features, the under lip much shorter than the upper; his chin oval and pretty, but somewhat receding; his complexion beautiful. In short, what nineteen people out of twenty would call a handsome young man, and think they had described him.

Both the Wardlaws were in full dress, according to the invariable custom of the house; and sat in a dead silence, that seemed natural to the great, sober room.

This, however, was not for want of a topic; on the contrary, they had a matter of great importance to discuss, and in fact this was why they dined tete-a-tete: but their tongues were tied for the present; in the first place, there stood in the middle of the table an epergne, the size of a Putney laurel-tree; neither Wardlaw could well see the other, without craning out his neck like a rifleman from behind his tree: and then there were three live suppressors of confidential intercourse, two gorgeous footmen, and a sombre, sublime, and, in one word, episcopal butler: all three went about as softly as cats after a robin, and conjured one plate away, and smoothly insinuated another, and seemed models of grave discretion; but were known to be all ears, and bound by a secret oath to carry down each crumb of dialogue to the servants' hall, for curious dissection, and boisterous ridicule.

At last, however, those three smug hypocrites retired, and, by good luck, transferred their suffocating epergne to the sideboard; so then father and son looked at one another with that conscious air which naturally precedes a topic of interest; and Wardlaw senior invited his son to try a certain decanter of rare port, by way of preliminary.

While the young man fills his glass, hurl we in his antecedents.

At school till fifteen, and then clerk in his father's office till twenty-two, and showed an aptitude so remarkable, that John Wardlaw, who was getting tired, determined, sooner or later, to put the reins of government into his hands. But he conceived a desire that the future head of his office should be a university man. So he announced his resolution, and to Oxford went young Wardlaw, though he had not looked at Greek or Latin for seven years. He was, however, furnished with a private tutor, under whom he recovered lost ground rapidly. The Reverend Robert Penfold was a first-class man, and had the gift of teaching. The house of Wardlaw had peculiar claims on him, for he was the son of old Michael Penfold, Wardlaw's cashier; he learned from young Wardlaw the stake he was playing for, and, instead of merely giving him one hour's lecture per day, as he did to his other pupils, he used to come to his rooms at all hours, and force him to read, by reading with him.

He also stood his friend in a serious emergency. Young Wardlaw, you must know, was blessed or cursed with Mimicry; his powers in that way really seemed to have no limit, for he could imitate any sound you liked with his voice, and any form with his pen or pencil.

Now, we promise you, he was one man under his father's eye, and another down at Oxford; so, one night, this gentleman, being warm with wine, opens his window, and seeing a group of undergraduates chattering and smoking in the quadrangle, imitates the peculiar grating tones of Mr. Champion, vice-president of the college, and gives them various reasons why they ought to disperse to their rooms and study. "But, perhaps, says he, in conclusion, "you are too blind drunk to read Bosh in crooked letters by candle-light? In that case——" And he then gave them some very naughty advice how to pass the evening; still in the exact tones of Mr. Champion, who was a very, very strict moralist; and this unexpected sally of wit caused shrieks of laughter, and mightily tickled all the bearers, except Champion ipse, who was listening and disapproving at another window.

He complained to the president. Then the ingenious Wardlaw, not having come down to us in a direct line from Bayard, committed a great mistake—he denied it.

It was brought home to him, and the president, who had laughed in his sleeve at the practical joke, looked very grave at the falsehood. Rustication was talked of and even Expulsion.

Then Wardlaw came sorrowfully to Penfold, and said to him, "I must have been awfully cut, for I don't remember all that; I had been wining at Christchurch. I do remember slanging the fellows, but how can I tell what I said? I say, old fellow, it will be a bad job for me if they expel me, or even rusticate me; my father will never forgive me; I shall be his clerk, but never his partner; and then he will find out what a lot I owe down here. I'm done for! I'm done for!"

Penfold uttered not a word, but grasped his hand, and went off to the president, and said his pupil had wined at Christchurch, and could not be expected to remember minutely. Mimicry was, unfortunately, a habit with him. He then pleaded for the milder construction, with such zeal and eloquence, that the high-minded scholar he was addressing admitted that construction was possible, and therefore must be received. So the affair ended in a written apology to Mr. Champion, which had all the smoothness and neatness of a merchant's letter. Arthur Wardlaw was already a master in that style.

Six months after this, and one fortnight before the actual commencement of our tale, Arthur Wardlaw, well crammed by Penfold, went up for his final examination, throbbing with anxiety. He passed; and was so grateful to his tutor that, when the advowson of a small living near Oxford came into the market, he asked Wardlaw senior to lend Robert Penfold a sum of money, much more than was needed; and Wardlaw senior declined without a moment's hesitation.

This slight sketch will serve as a key to the dialogue it has postponed, and to subsequent incidents.

"Well, Arthur, and so you have really taken your degree?"

"No, sir; but I have passed my examination. The degree follows as a matter of course—that is a mere question of fees."

"Oh! Then now I have something to say to you. Try one glass more of the '47 port. Stop; you'll excuse me; I am a man of business; I don't doubt your word; Heaven forbid! but, do you happen to have any document you can produce in further confirmation of what you state; namely, that you have passed your final examination at the University?"

"Certainly, sir;" replied young Wardlaw. "My Testamur."

"What is that?"

The young gentleman put his hand in his pocket, and produced his Testamur, or "We bear witness;" a short printed document in Latin, which may be thus translated—

"We bear witness that Arthur Wardlaw, of St. Luke's College, has answered our questions in humane letters.

"George Richardson,
"Arthur Smythe,
"Edward Merivale,
Examiners."

Wardlaw senior took it, laid it beside him on the table, inspected it with his double eye-glass, and not knowing a word of Latin, was mightily impressed, and his respect for his son rose 40, or 45 per cent.

"Very well, sir," said he. Now listen to me. Perhaps it was an old man's fancy; but I have often seen in the world what a stamp these Universities put upon a man. To send you back from commerce to Latin and Greek, at two and twenty, was trying you rather hard: it was trying you doubly; your obedience, and your ability into the bargain. Well, sir, you have stood the trial, and I am proud of you. And so now it is my turn: from this day and from this hour, look on yourself as my partner in the old-established house of Wardlaw. My balance sheet shall be prepared immediately, and the partnership deed drawn. You will enter on a flourishing concern, sir; and you will virtually conduct it, in written communication with me; for I have had five and forty years of it; and then my liver you

know! Watson advises me strongly to leave my desk, and try country air, and rest from business and its cares."

He paused a moment and the young man drew a long breath, like one who was in the act of being relieved of some terrible weight.

As for the old gentleman, he was not observing his son just then, but thinking of his own career; a certain expression of pain and regret came over his features; but he shook it off with manly dignity.

"Come, come," said he, "this is the law of nature, and must be submitted to with a good grace. Wardlaw junior, fill your glass." At the same time he stood up and said, stoutly, "The setting sun drinks to the rising sun;" but could not maintain that artificial style, and ended with, "God bless you, my boy, and may you stick to business; avoid speculation, as I have done; and so hand the concern down healthy to your son, as my father there (pointing to a picture) handed it down to me, and I to you."

His voice wavered slightly in uttering this benediction; but only for a moment: he then sat quietly down, and sipped his wine composedly.

Not so the other; his color came and went violently all the time his father was speaking, and, when he ceased, he sank into his chair with another sigh deeper than the last, and two half-hysterical tears came to his pale eyes.

But presently, feeling he was expected to say something, he struggled against all this mysterious emotion, and faltered out that he should not fear the responsibility, if he might have constant recourse to his father for advice.

"Why, of course," was the reply. "My country house is but a mile from the station; you can telegraph for me in any case of importance."

"When would you wish me to commence my new duties?"

"Let me see, it will take six weeks to prepare a balance-sheet, such as I could be content to submit to an incoming partner. Say two months."

Young Wardlaw's countenance fell.

"Meantime you shall travel on the continent and enjoy yourself."

"Thank you," said young Wardlaw, mechanically, and fell into a brown study.

The room now returned to what seemed its natural state, and its silence continued until it was broken from without.

A sharp knocking was heard from the street-door, and resounded across the marble hall.

The Wardlaws looked at one another in some little surprise.

"I have invited nobody" said the elder.

Some time elapsed, and then a footman made his appearance, and brought in a card.

"Mr. Christopher Adams."

Now that Mr. Christopher Adams should call on John Wardlaw, in his private room, at nine o'clock in the evening, seemed to that merchant irregular, presumptuous, monstrous. "Tell him he will find me at my place of business to-morrow, as usual," said he knitting his brows.

The footman went off with this message; and, soon after, raised voices were heard in the hall, and the episcopal butler entered the room with an injuried countenance.

"He says he must see you; he is in great anxiety."

"Yes, I am in great anxiety," said a quavering voice at his elbow; and Mr. Adams actually pushed by the the Butler, and stood, hat in hand, in those sacred precincts. "Pray, excuse me, sir," said he, "but it is very serious; I can't be easy in my mind till I have put you a question."

"This is very extraordinary conduct, sir," said Mr. Wardlaw. "Do you think I do business here, and at all hours?"

"O no, sir; it's my own business. I am come to ask you a very serious question. I couldn't wait till morning with such a doubt on my mind."

"Well, sir, I repeat this is irregular and extraordinary; but as you are here, pray what is the matter?" He then dismissed the lingering butler with a look.

Mr. Adams cast uneasy glances on young Wardlaw.

"O," said the elder, "you can speak before him. This is my partner; that is to say, he will be as soon as the balance-sheet can be prepared, and the deed drawn. Wardlaw junior, this is Mr. Adams, a very respectable bill discounter."

The two men bowed to each other, and Arthur Wardlaw sat motionless.

"Sir, did you draw a note of hand to-day?" inquired Adams of the elder merchant.

"I dare say I did. Did you discount one signed by me?"

"Yes sir, we did."

"Well, sir, you have only to present it at maturity. Wardlaw and Son will provide for it, I dare say."

"This with the lofty nonchalance of a rich man, who had never broken an engagement in his life.

"Ah, that I know they will if it is all right; but suppose it is not?"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Wardlaw, with some astonishment.

"O, nothing, sir! It bears your signature, that is good for twenty times the amount; and it is endorsed by your cashier. Only what makes me a little uneasy, your bills used to be always on your own forms, and so I told my partner. He discounted it. Gentlemen, I wish you would just look at it."

"Of course we will look at it. Show it Arthur first; his eyes are younger than mine."

Mr. Adams took out a large bill-book, extracted the note of hand, and passed it across the table to Wardlaw junior. He took it up with a sort of shiver, and bent his head very low over it; then handed it back in silence.

Adams took it to Wardlaw senior, and laid it before him, by the side of Arthur's Testamur.

The merchant inspected it with his glasses.

"The writing is mine, apparently."

"I am very glad of it," said the bill-broker, eagerly.

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Wardlaw. "Why, what is this? For two thousand pounds! and, as you say, not my form. I have signed no note for two thousand pounds this week. Dated yesterday. You have not cashed it, I hope?"

"I am sorry to say my partner has."

"Well, sir, not to keep you in suspense, the thing is not worth the stamp it is written on."

"Mr. Wardlaw!—Sir!—Good heavens! Then it is as I feared. It is a forgery."

"I should be puzzled to find any other name for it. You need not look so pale, Arthur. We can't help some clever scoundrel imitating our hands; and as for you, Adams, you ought to have been more cautious."

"But, sir, your cashier's name is Penfold," faltered the holder, clinging to a straw, May he not have drawn—is the indorsement forged as well?"

Mr. Wardlaw examined the back of the bill, and looked puzzled.

"No," said he. "My cashier's name is Michael Penfold, but this is endorsed 'Robert Penfold.' Do you hear, Arthur? Why, what is the matter with you? You look like a ghost. I say there is your tutor's name at the back of this forged note. This is very strange. Just look, and tell me who wrote these two words 'Robert Penfold!'"

Young Wardlaw took the document, and tried to examine it calmly, but it shook visibly in his hand, and a cold moisture gathered on his brow. His pale eyes roved to and fro in a very remarkable way; and he was so long before he said anything, that both the other persons present began to eye him with wonder.

At last he faltered out, "This 'Robert Penfold' seems to me very like his own handwriting. But then the rest of the writing is equally like yours, sir. I am sure Robert Penfold never did anything wrong. Mr. Adams, please oblige me. Let this go no further till I have seen him, and asked him whether he indorsed it."

"Now don't you be in a hurry," said the elder Wardlaw. "The first question is, who received the money!"

Mr. Adams replied that it was a respectable looking man, a young clergyman.

"Ah!" said Wardlaw, with a world of meaning.

"Father!" said young Wardlaw, imploringly, "for my sake, say no more to-night. Robert Penfold is incapable of a dishonest act."

"It becomes your years to think so, young man. But I have lived long enough to see what crimes respectable men are betrayed into in the hour of temptation. And, now I think of it, this Robert Penfold is in want of money. Did he not ask me for a loan of two thousand pounds? was not that the very sum? Can you not answer me? why, the application came through you."

Receiving no reply from his son, but a sort of agonized stare, he took out his pencil and wrote down Robert Penfold's address.

This he handed the bill-broker, and gave him some advice in a whisper, which Mr. Christopher Adams received with a profusion of thanks, and bustled away, leaving Wardlaw senior excited and indignant, Wardlaw junior, ghastly pale and almost stupified.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.

THE MISSION OF WOMEN.

WOMEN AND GOVERNMENT.

No. II.

As we have endeavored to prove, the undeviating instinct of both men and women in all ages has born testimony to the superior adaptation of men to govern and preside. But what does this fact amount to? Simply this, that man has one set of functions, women another. If women have not man's presidential qualities, they have much that he has not. They have an instinctive sense of right; and an inward sense of delicacy, grace and taste, more exquisitely developed than man. They have a different sphere, but in that—lower or higher it makes no difference—they walk unrivalled. They are, in fact, the complement to man. What he possesses they do not. Where he is strong they are weak. On the other hand they travel some paths of thought and perception where man never roams. All the meaning there is in woman's inequality to govern, is just this: it is not in the line of her abilities to do it. Her force and power lie another way, and she excels in another direction. She is not constituted to find enjoyment or profit in it. Except where artificially cultivated, she never has, nor ever will desire it.

Some of the greatest blessings of life grow out of this different allotment of callings and abilities to the sexes; men and women are organized dissimilarly, that out of this very difference may grow the charm of each others society, and the necessity for each others presence. And this is no more true in respect to any gift or grace by which either sex become attractive to the other, than it is in relationship to the superior capabilities of men for government. This very investment of headship in man, is one of those skillful arrangements of the Almighty, by which man becomes essential to the woman, and the union of the sexes is ensured. All the world over, it is known by students of human nature, that one of the most prominent charms of men in the eyes of woman, lies in her belief and hope that he is fitted for her superior and head. Much as women love to have their own way, they despise the man that cannot properly govern them and theirs. Those superficial thinkers, who in their huge little wisdom, ignore man's position, and think they confer such a benefit on woman by declaring her perfect equality with man in this respect, strike a heavy blow at one of the greatest wants of woman's nature, as well as at one of the divinest and strongest ties by which the sexes are held together.

Because women cannot govern men, it does not follow that they have no understanding of government, or that they cannot in their sphere contribute to the intelligence and wisdom of those that govern. Woman's true instincts will never take her to the halls of Congress, or the political platform, but like man when properly developed, she radiates a portion of divine intelligence. Her spirit, like that of man, is open to impressions from the fountain of eternal knowledge. Like man, she passes through life garnering up experience weighty and true. Truths conceived in her mind are as precious as those comprehended by man's intellect. All her powers are intended to have their influence; for while it is a fact that for the sake of harmony and peace, the governing power should be invested in one of the sexes, it is no less true, that that deciding power, so royally invested in man, was intended to be aided and assisted from every source within his reach, be that source angel of light, man's fellow in the flesh, wife or even child. But, of course, of the value and disposal of that light, man being the responsible party must ever be the judge.

It is clear to all thinking minds that wide a range of abilities, although of another order to those of man, lie invested in women, and the question comes, in what callings or pursuits in life can these abilities be legitimately exercised. We reply in any which do not interfere with the self-evident design of her being. Ask, for instance, the delicate and jewelled watch with its machinery for measuring time and its dial plate for recording it, whether it was intended as a machine for breaking stones or plowing the ground, and the reply would be: "I am intended for nothing which unfits me for correctly measuring time—measuring time may be a very plodding and humble occupation, but there is neither honor nor elevation in a position which I cannot perfectly fill. It is true that by dismissing me from my true use, and encasing me in sufficient iron or brass I may be used for breaking stones, but I can only gain this suitability by the destruction of another." Now woman is a jewelled piece of machinery as delicate as any watch, and with a purpose as clearly defined. She is organized first for her own happiness; then that by her delicacy of conception, lifeiness and sense of beauty, she may vary man's more heavy, plodding faculties, and throw a charm over his life as a companion. Mentally, quite as much as physically, by every force and faculty of her being, is she next adapted to be a mother—the guardian, guide and cultivator of youth. Not a mere raiser of children, for that is the most despicable view of woman's mission that can be conceived; but to be the great heart in which childish sorrows can be poured; the clear brain and the delicate perception by which the future men and women of this world may be moulded for the highest purposes of life. This is the object of her being. To do this properly—to become most her husband's joy, her children's blessing, she should be philosophical, artistic, poetic and musical. No knowledge, grace, or accomplishment can be thrown away upon her. To the extent that any of these studies or pursuits contribute to these ends she can claim to follow them; but any employment which tends to make her less attractive—less beautiful to man before marriage or less motherly and wifely afterwards is to her injury and society's loss. By sufficiently encasing her in another nature—like the delicate watch in the iron case—and by becoming oblivious to her true beauties and utilities, she may be successfully employed as a politician—a wrangler by pen or voice, She may be used to break and smash erroneous political creeds, and fight for right rough-handed through the world, but when she has done it, and even accomplished good in this way,

she has just accomplished at a vast expense of womanly attraction what man could have brought about with no violence to his nature at all—a delicate pen-knife *when sufficiently blunted* may be used to job holes in stones, but a coarse chisel is a speedier instrument, and has the advantage of remaining perfect after the operation which the pen-knife has not. So with women they may become successful advocates, potent writers, legislators or generals for aught we know, but who desires them for wives or mothers. They have taken on another nature than that dear to our hearts. They have lost the nameless charm which like the aroma of the flower is so hard to describe but so palpable to the sense. Of course there are exceptions to every rule and there are ladies, who driven by necessity to masculine professions for support, by continually fighting the unwomanly influence of these callings, have retained to a great degree the sweetness and delicacy of their sex; but it is not easily done nor is it so with the bulk of women engaged in these pursuits; they become changed in bearing and feature. True, they appeal more to man's intellect but less to his heart. They make very tolerable second-hand men—they may *shine*—but the potent charm—the magic given to them by the Creator by which to *win* as wives and mothers has disappeared under the influence of unnatural pursuits.

Woman, If she only knew her strength, would never think of competing with man in the coarser elements of life. The dignities and honors peculiar to men, which mistaken philanthropists would confer upon woman would be a poor exchange for the natural advantages she possesses in her own way. She is not created to rule authoritatively; her sphere of dominion is the affections. There she is stronger than man. When she gives up this domain for the possession of influence proper to men, she seeks to shine with borrowed robes, poor and weak alongside of the lustre of those native to her spirit and organization.

How great and glorious woman can become in their own sphere, few visions have yet expanded to comprehend; how much she can do in that department where "her great strength lies" for the production of a nobler race no human imagination has ever fully conceived. For the sake of harmony and order —for the sake of mutual dependence and affinity, man is created a little lower than the angels and woman as to headship a little lower than both; but as to angelic character, as to divine wisdom, as to chaste and holy purposes, as to transmitting influences that will affect unborn millions, woman has opportunities equal to the highest ambition that ever filled her soul. She cannot grow too much in self development; she cannot be too much ennobled, for in exact proportion to her mental and spiritual growth, will be the nobility and excellence of our race in all times to come.

NOTES ON HAROLD.

It may aid some of our readers to the better enjoyment of this historical, but romantic story, if we give occasional notes on matters to which it refers. At the opening of the tale, we find England composed mostly of a Saxon and a Danish population. The Danes, who at various times had come over as invaders sailing under their dismal raven flag, we find settled quietly in the country, and mixing with the population; noble and commoner, alike claiming England as their home. In the early portion of King Edward's life he had spent much time abroad and contracted a taste for Norman fashions, very repulsive to his English subjects. Our story introduces King Edward as surrounded by his Norman favorites, of whom the Saxon population seem to have an instinctive dread. Harold the Saxon—the hero of the tale—with his father, the great earl Goodwin is at this time in Ireland where he has been banished by the king through the influence of the foreigners. William of Normandy accompanied by some nobles; and secretly anxious that Edward, who is childless, should promise him the crown after his decease, is now on a visit to the English Court. Edward is nominally married to the sister of the banished Harold, but his monkish spirit has led him to consider a married life unholy. The virgin queen is at this moment in a convent to which the King dismissed her on the banishment of her family

In the story of the wager about the falcon, William's hopes that, like Edward's bird was killed by the bittern, while his falcon swooped over both, so Saxon and Dane would exterminate each other, while he and his Normans made a prey of the country, shows the aspirations and aims, that then animated the bosom of the future invader of old England.

FOUL PLAY.

Being determined to add increasing interest to our columns, we commence in this number the thrilling story of "FOUL PLAY," written by Charles Reade, the celebrated writer, and Dion Boucicault, the great modern sensational dramatic author. The story is now being published in England, for the first time, in *Once a Week*, from which paper we extract it. What with HAROLD for those that feast on records of olden times, and FOUL PLAY for those who delight more in modern sensational works, we believe all will be satisfied.

We apologize to our numerous readers, for somewhat of a delay in the delivery of this number. A great press of work at the *News* office against which no suitable provision could be made, has been the cause. It is, however, their and our wish, and constant endeavor, to be punctual as to time. We wish to deliver always by Saturday evening and shall endeavor to make such arrangements as will ensure it. We can assure all, that we are as much annoyed as any when these unavoidable delays occur.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

Owing to lack of space we have room but for one answer this week.

QUERIER, from Willard City, wishes to know if we are acquainted with Mr. Shelton's new phonographic system, and its distinctive difference from the old ones, also as to whether it is yet to be had in a printed form. We have heard Mr. Shelton's method highly commended, and that, by the most practiced phonographists in the city. One of its essential improvements appears to be that, by omitting those tedious and delaying matters dots and similar marks, sentences may be written with, scarcely, taking the pen from the paper. The system, so far as we can learn, has not yet been printed. We shall endeavor to give a more extended understanding of the system hereafter.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

MRS. SENATOR SPRAGUE AND PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

[From the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Gazette.]

A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that Mrs. Sprague is bringing her influence to bear on her husband and father in favor of President Johnson and against impeachment. There may be more in this than a casual observer would suppose The question of rank or precedence is not more closely contested in any European court than in our Republican capital. Colonel Benton and Chief-Justice Taney had a little feud, which only ended with their lives, about precedence. Should a United States Senator rank a judge of the Supreme Court? That was a question which the haughty persistence of the eagle-faced Colonel but partially settled in the affirmative; for, although a United States Senator will not often condescend to leave his card for a Judge of the Supreme Court, the Judges of the Supreme Court are slow to acknowledge their duty to pay the respect of a call upon a United States Senator. Of course this is a question in which ladies take an active interest, and no one has distinguished herself more in it than Mrs. Sprague.

In the early days of the war the young Governor of Rhode Island, who raised a regiment at his own risk, and went to suppress the rebellion, was quite a hero of romance. Loyal ladies were not so abundant in Washington as after Lee's surrender; and what with her wit, beauty, gracious manners, her father's position, and the affianced of the Rhode Island millionaire-patriot-Governor-Colonel, Miss Chase occupied a very prominent position, and believed herself entitled to precedence as "First Lady" in the Government. She contested her claim with Mrs. Lincoln, who, as "Lady of the White House," was by common consent, awarded that eminence. There has been several passages at arms between them, and Mrs. Lincoln felt deeply aggrieved when Miss Chase was at the White House, either by special invitation or to introduce some friends, I forget which, Mrs Lincoln, in an amiable desire to promote harmony, reminded her that she had not seen her for some time, and hoped she would call again soon.

Miss Chase haughtily replied that she had generally been at home, and that if Mrs. Lincoln had wished to see her she could most probably have done so by returning her previous call. My informant, a lady who was present at the time, thought Miss Chase's manner as offensive as the open claim to equal rank was unjust and injudicious, and felt that Mrs Lincoln was fully justified in ever afterwards refusing to treat her with any pretense of kindness, or to attend her wedding. Those who knew the history of Miss Chase's refusal to accord to Mrs. Lincoln the precedence to which she was unquestionably entitled, felt that Mr. Lincoln did wrong in attending that wedding, and thus giving the haughty bride a triumph over his wife.

Mrs. Sprague's desire to be "First Lady" amounts almost to a mania; and, no doubt, has much to do with her father's Presidential aspirations. While Mr. Johnson is President she will have little active opposition in her claim to that dignity in right of her treble rank of wealth, wife of a Senator and daughter of the Chief-Justice: for Mrs. Patterson is a woman of little or no self assertion. What with the intemperance of her husband and brother, and the care of an invalid mother and her four children, she has little time to attend to the dignity of her position, and, with her earnest devotion to her father, would defer to Mrs. Sprague, if by so doing she could win any support to that father. On the other hand Mrs. Wade will hold any position to which she may be assigned, and which she accepts. If Mrs. Sprague has ever undertaken to assert any superiority over her, the sprightly and aspiring lady no doubt retired from the conflict feeling that she had won no laurels. Mrs. Wade is very unpretending in dress and manners, and to see her and her husband in a street car, as I have done, returning from a hospital visit, after Senate hours, one might mistake them for a well-to-do farmer and his hale old wife; but there is a reserve force of good sense and dignity in her manner which would make itself felt in the lowest hovel or most brilliant drawing-room. If she goes into the White House there will be no room for dispute as to who is "First Lady" in this Democratic land. Hence there is no doubt Mrs. Sprague would not like to see her in that position, especially as Mrs. Wade, in common with thousands of the people of Ohio, must remember, with grave disapproval, the youthful folly of the spoiled beauty who brought public scandal on her father's administration while he was Governor of that State. Even at that school-girl age she had sufficient tact and influence with him to baffle his wisest counselors in their efforts to remove her favorite, a handsome dissolute, married man, from his position under the government. One morning the city of Columbus was thrown into great excitement by the announcement that the Governor had undertaken to horsewhip the handsome gentleman, and had been shot in the "recontre;" but Miss Kate clutched the helm so firmly as to carry her little bark through the storm without throwing her Jonah overboard. Her influence with her father is almost unlimited, and to that source was ascribed his active opposition to an increase of salary to female clerks at a time when they received $600 a year, and she paid just this amount for a wedding vail.

Mrs. Wade is so thoroughly her opposite, being heart and soul interested in all true efforts to aid the lowly, while maintaining her own dignity, rendering honor to whom honor is due, that there is no doubt, in my mind, But Mrs. Sprague will strain every nerve to prevent her being placed in a position to dispose of her own claim to the title of "First lady."

JANE G. SWISSHELM.

OBERLIN AND HIS WIFE.

[From History of Supernatural.]

This noble Christian—whose name is venerated all over the world for his apostolic labors for more than half a century amongst the people of the Ban-de-la-Roche, or Steinthal, in Alsace—found, when he went there, his parishoners talking of apparitions of their departed friends as familiar facts. As he regarded this as an empty and pernicious superstition, he reproved them for it, and set himself in the pulpit to denounce it, and to reason them out of it. But, so far from this, he himself was compelled to believe in apparitions, by the appearance of his own wife. After her death, she came almost daily, and sat and conversed with him. It is asserted in his memoirs, that she was visible not only to himself but to the rest of his household. For nine years she continued this practice, not only informing him of the nature and life of the other world, but continuing his best counselor regarding his undertakings in this. She informed him, that previous to her decease she received a visit from her departed sister, the wife of Professor Oberlin of Strasburg, announcing to her her approaching death, on which she had immediately set about making extra clothes for her children, and laying in provisions for the funeral feast. This done, she took leave of her husband and family, and went quietly to bed, quite assured that her end was at hand, which proved so. That her knowledge of her decease was from the spirit of her sister, she had not told Oberlin before her death.

All these transactions Oberlin left a narrative of. Mr. Dale Owen says that he met in Paris, in 1859, with M. Matter, who, by permission of Oberlin, had examined these papers; and observed that Oberlin was convinced that the inhabitants of the invisible world can appear to us, and we to them, when God wills; and that we are apparitions to them as they are to us. In 1824, Dr. Barthe and Mr. Smithson visited Oberlin, and conversed with him on these subjects. They asked him how he could distinguish his wife's appearance from dreams; and he asked them how they could distinguish one color from another He told them that they might as well attempt to persuade him that it was not a table at which they sat, or that he did not receive these visits from his wife; at the same time that he was perfectly free from any trace of dreaminess or fanaticism. He said there must be an aptitude for seeing spirits. Taking up several pieces of flint, he observed that they all looked exactly alike, but that some had so much iron in them as to be magnetic, others had none. So it was with the faculty of ghost-seeing. People might laugh, but the thing was a fact nevertheless. Like Swedenborg, he said his wife declared that everything on earth was but a copy of the things of the other world. At length his wife sent him a message by another deceased person, that she was now elevated to a higher state, and could no longer revisit the earth: nor did she ever after appear. All these particulars are confirmed by his friend and biographer Herr Stober.

FUTILITY OF PRIDE.—Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "I am searching," said Diogenes "for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

BOB TINKLING'S TRIAL.

[From Our Young Folks.]

The following felicitous picture of childish life is from a HOLIDAY ROMANCE by Charles Dickens. It is supposed to be written by "William Tinkling, Esq.," aged eight, doubtless, only BILL Tinkling in vulgar parlance. He and another heroic boy Bob Redforth (or Colonel Robin Redforth) conspire to carry off their wives (whom they have respectively married in a corner closet) from the hated school of the Misses Drowvey and Grimmer. Bob Tinkling, the editor of this story, tells what come of it.

This beginning-part is not made out of anybody's head you know. It's real. You must believe this beginning-part more than what comes after, else you won't understand how what comes after came to be written. You must believe it all, but you must believe this most please. I am the Editor of it. Bob Redforth (he's my cousin, and shaking the table on purpose) wanted to be the Editor of it, but I said he shouldn't because he couldn't. He had no idea of being an Editor.

Nettie Ashford is my Bride. We were married in the right hand closet in the corner of the dancing-school where first we met, with a ring (a green one) from Wilkinbwater's toy-shop. I owed for it out of my pocket-money. When the rapturous ceremony was over, we all four went up the lane and let off a cannon (brought loaded in Bob Redforth's waistcoat pocket) to announce our Nuptials. It flew right up when it went off and turned over. Next day, Lieutenant Colonel Robin Redforth was united, with similar ceremonies, to Alice Rainbird. This time, the cannon bust with a most terrific explosion, and made a puppy bark.

My peerless Bride was, at the period of which we now treat, in captivity at Miss Grimmer's. Drowvey and Grimmer is the partnership, and opinion is divided which the greatest Beast. The lovely bride of the Colonel was also immured in the dungeons of the same establishment. A vow was entered into between the Colonel and myself that we would cut them out on the following Wednesday when walking two and two.

Under the circumstances of the case, the active brain of the Colonel; combined with his lawless pursuit (he is a pirate), suggested an attack by fireworks. This from motives of humanity, was abandoned as too expensive.

Lightly armed with a paper-knife buttoned up under his jacket, and waving the dreaded black flag at the end of a cane, the Colonel took command of me at 2 p.m. on the eventful and appointed day. He had drawn out the plan of attack on a piece of paper which was rolled up round a hoop stick. He showed it to me. My position and my full-length portrait (but my real ears don't stick out horizontal) was behind a corner lamp-post, with written orders to remain there till I should see Miss Drowvey fall. The Drowvey who was to fall was the one in spectacles, not the one with the large lavender bonnet. At that signal I was to rush forth, seize my bride, and fight my way to the lane. There a junction would be effected between myself and the Colonel, and putting our brides behind us, between ourselves and the palings, we were to conquer or die.

The enemy appeared—approached. Waving his black flag, the Colonel attacked. Confusion ensued. Anxiously I awaited my signal, but my signal came not. So far from falling, the hated Drowvey in spectacles appeared to have muffled the Colonel's head in his outlawed banner, and to be pitching into him with a parasol. The one in the lavender bonnet also performed prodigies of valor with her fists on his back. Seeing that all was for the moment lost, I fought my desperate way hand to hand to the lane. Though taking the back road, I was so fortunate as to meet nobody, and arrived there uninterrupted.

It seemed an age ere the Colonel joined me. He had been to the jobbing-tailor's to be sewn up in several places, and attributed our defeat to the refusal of the detested Drowvey to fall. Finding her so obstinate he had said to her in a loud voice, "Die recreant!" but had found her no more open to reason on that point than the other.

My blooming bride appeared, accompanied by the Colonel's bride, at the dancing school next day. What? Was her face averted from me? Hah! Even so. With a look of scorn she put into my hand a bit of paper, and took another partner. On the paper was pencilled, "Heavens! Can I write the word! Is my husband a Cow.'

In the first bewilderment of my heated brain I tried to think what slanderer could have traced my family to the ignoble animal mentioned above. Vain were my endeavors. At the end of that dance I whispered the Colonel to come into the cloak-room, and I showed him the note.

"There is a syllable wanting," said he, with a gloomy brow.

"Hah! What syllable?" was my inquiry.

"She asks, Can she write the word? And no; you see she couldn't," said the colonel pointing out the passage.

"And the word was?" said I.

"Cow—cow—coward," hissed the Pirate-Colonel in my ear, and gave me back the note.

Feeling that I must forever tread the earth a branded boy—person I mean—or that I must clear up my honor, I demanded to be tried by a court-martial The Colonel admitted my right to be tried. Some difficulty was found in composing the court, on account of the Emperor of France's aunt refusing to let him come out. He was to be the President. Ere yet we had appointed a substitute, he made his escape over the back-wall and stood among us, a free monarch.

The court was held on the grass by the pond. I recognized in a certain Admiral among my judges my deadliest foe. A cocoa-nut had given rise to language which I could not brook. But confiding in my innocence, and also in the knowledge that the President of the United States (who sat next to him) owed me a knife. I braced myself for the ordeal.

It was a solemn spectacle that court. Two executioners with pinafores reversed led me in. Under the shade of an umbrella, I perceived my bride supported by the bride of the Pirate-Colonel. The President (having reproved a little female for tittering on a matter of life and death) called upon me to plead, "Coward or no coward, guilty or not guilty?" I pleaded in a firm tone "No coward and not guilty. (The little female ensign being again reproved by the President for misconduct, mutinied, left the court, and threw stones.)

My implacable enemy, the Admiral, conducted the case against me. The Colonel's bride was called to prove that I had remained behind the corner lamp-post during the engagement. I might have been spared the anguish of my own bride's being also made a witness to the same point, but the Admiral knew where to wound me. Be still, my soul, no matter. The Colonel was then brought forward with his evidence.

It was for this point that I had saved myself up, as the turning point of my case. Shaking myself free of my guards—who had no business to hold me, the stupids! unless I was found guilty—I asked the Colonel which he considered the first duty of a soldier? Ere he could reply, the President of the United States rose and informed the court that my foe the Admiral had suggested "Bravery," and that prompting a witness wasn't fair. The president of the court immediately ordered the Admiral's mouth to be filled with leaves and tied up with string. I had the satisfaction of seeing the sentence carried into effect, before the proceedings went further.

I then took a paper from my trowsers-pocket, and asked: "What do you consider, Colonel Redforth, the first duty of a soldier? Is it obedience?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Is that paper—please to look at it—in your hand?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Is it a military sketch?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Of an engagement?"

"Quite so," said the Colonel.

"Of the late engagement?"

"Of the late engagement."

"Please to describe it, and then hand it to the President of the court."

From that triumphant moment my sufferings and dangers were at an end. The court rose up and jumped, on discovering that I had strictly obeyed orders. My foe, the Admiral, who though muzzled was malignant yet, contrived to suggest that I was dishonored by having quitted the field. But the Colonel himself had done as much, and gave his opinion, upon his word and honor as a Pirate, that when all was lost the field might be quitted without disgrace. I was going to be found "No coward and not guilty," and my blooming bride was going to be publicly restored to my arms in a procession, when an unlooked-for event disturbed the general rejoicing. This was no other than the Emperor of France's aunt catching hold of his hair. The proceedings abruptly terminated, and the court tumultuously dissolved.

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetical is that given by a lady in New York. "A gentleman," said she, "is a humble being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

A CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF SERPENT CHARMING.

In the room stood two men, who appeared to be Arabs, with long, bushy hair and black beards; and I was told that they were a particular race of men that could charm serpents.

A wooden box, about four feet long and two feet wide, was placed near the door, with a string fastened to a slide at the end of it; this string went through a hole in the door.

The two serpent-charmers were dressed in haicks only, and those very small ones. After they had gone through their religious ceremonies most devoutly, they appeared to take an eternal farewell of each other; this done, one of them retired from the room and shut the door close after him.

The Arab within seemed to be in dreadful distress; I could observe his heart throb and his bosom heave most violently; and he cried out very loudly, "*Allah. hou kiber*" three times, which is, "God have mercy on me!"

The Arab was at the further end of the room; and at that instant the cage was opened and a serpent crept out slowly; he was about four feet long and eight inches in circumference; his colors were the most beautiful in nature, being bright and variegated, with a deep yellow, a purple and a cream color, black and brown spotted, &c. As soon as he saw the Arab in the room his eyes, which were small and green, kindled as with fire; he erected himself in a second, his head two feet high, and, darting on the defenceless Arab, seized him between the folds of his haick, just above his right hip bone, hissing most horribly; the Arab gave a horrid shriek, when another serpent came out of the cage. This was black, very shining, and appeared to be seven or eight feet long, not more than two inches in diameter. As soon as he cleared the cage he darted his fiery eyes on his intended victim, and, springing like lightning on the Arab, struck his fangs into his neck, near the jugular vein, while his tail and body flew round his body in two or three folds.

The Arab set up the most hideous and piteous yelling, foamed and frothed at the mouth, grasping the folds of the serpent, which were round his arms, with his right hand, and seemed to be in the greatest agony.

By this time the other had twined itself around his legs, and kept biting all round the other parts of his body, making apparently deep incisions, the blood issuing from every wound, both in his neck and body, and streaming all over his clothes and skin. My blood was chilled with horror at this sight, and it was with difficulty that my legs would support my frame.

Notwithstanding the Arab's greatest exertions to tear away the serpents with his hand, they twined themselves still tighter, stopped his breath, and he fell on the floor, where he continued for a moment, as if in the most inconceivable agony, rolling over and covering every part of his body with his own blood and froth, until he ceased to move and appeared to have expired. In his last struggle he had wounded the black serpent with his teeth, as it was striving, as it were, to force its head into his mouth; which wound seemed to increase its rage.

At this instant I heard the shrill sound of a whistle, and, looking toward the door, saw the other Arab applying a call to his mouth, the serpents listened to the music; their fury seemed to forsake them by degrees; they disengaged themselves leisurely from the apparently lifeless carcass; and, creeping toward the cage, they soon entered it and were immediately fastened in.

The door of the apartment was now opened, and he without ran to assist his companion; he had a phial of blackish liquor in one hand and an iron chisel in the other; finding the teeth of his companion set, he thrust in the chisel, forced them open, and then poured a little of the liquor into his mouth; and holding his lips together, applied his mouth to the dead man's nose and filled his lungs with air; he next anointed his numerous wounds with a little of the same liquid; and yet no sign of life appeared. I thought he was dead in earnest; his neck and veins were exceedingly swollen. Then his comrad,e taking up the lifeless trunk in his arms, brought it out into the open air, and continued the operation of blowing for several minutes before a sign of life appeared; at length he gasped, and after a time recovered so far as to be able to speak. The swelling in his neck, body and legs gradually subsided as they continued washing the wounds with clear cold water and a sponge, and applying the black liquor occasionally. Clean garments were wrapped about him, but his strength seemed so far exhausted that he could not support himself standing; so his comrade laid him on the ground, by a wall, where he sunk into a sleep.

This exhibition lasted for about an hour from the time the serpents were let loose until they were called off, and it was more than an hour from that time before he could speak. I thought that I could discover that the poisonous fangs had been pulled out of these formidable serpents' jaws, and mentioned that circumstance to the showman, who said that they had indeed been extracted; and when I wished to know how the swellings on his neck and other parts could be assumed, he assured me that though their deadly fangs were out, yet that the poisonous quality of their breath and spittle cause the death of those they attack; that after a bite from either of these serpents no man could exist longer than fifteen minutes, and that there was no remedy for any but those who were endowed by the Almighty with power to charm and to manage them; and that he and his associate were of that favored number.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

No. II.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGE.

Before referring to other matters I must be allowed to make special reference to the cultivation of the art by the ancient musicians in England.

By the perusal of musical history it will be found that vocal fluency at sight, was confined to the higher circles of society, and that the genuine sons of worth —the artizan, and the cultivators of the soil were excluded from the enjoyment of such pleasing and healthy recreations.

In the days of Purcel—the great English composer—and to a much later date—the study of vocal music was not only considered necessary for the healthy exercise of the lungs, but—as stated in a work which I have in my possession—"a gentleman was considered but imperfectly educated unless he could read at first-sight the Glees, Catches, and Madrigals so popular at that period."

I have mentioned in some former article of mine, that in the above method of composition, the English composers excelled all others by their peculiar construction, and development of these forms of music.

It was customary in those days—of vocal excellence—both in the large social meetings and at private parties also, to hand round the music books after supper, and woe to the musical position of any individual who pleaded ignorance of the vocal art, or who could not read the compositions at first-sight.

Although the study of vocal music was confined to such a few in England, it was otherwise on the continent; more especially in Germany. In that country, music (both vocal and instrumental) had been so long and successfully practiced among all classes, that we would be almost inclined to regard it as the spontaneous growth of some native peculiarity of the people, rather than a result of continued and skillful cultivation

For the sake of illustrating the subject I will relate an anecdote told by the Rev. J. Taylor, one of the prebends of York Cathedral, England, who presided at the musical committee meetings of the Phil-harmonic society established in that city.

At one of these committee meetings Mr. Taylor said, "Gentlemen, we think ourselves good at music,—so we are as a small body—but I will tell you the Germans can beat us for its general study. We may count our tens, but they can count their hundreds."

"I was traveling some years since," said he, "in Germany and was invited to attend some of the farm house concerts so prevalent in that country, where each farmer could boast of having a good wind and string orchestra combined with a tolerable supply of vocalists in his family. I attended several of these excellent entertainments and noticed with much satisfaction the fine rendition of many elaborate pieces from the works of the great masters. I was led to enquire the secret of keeping together so good a body of vocal and instrumental performers for any length of time. It is true I had noticed a slight stiffness of execution caused by the handling of the plough, but notwithstanding this defect the interpretations were good and the performance would not have disgraced professional musicians."

"When I asked one farmer the secret of such good playing and singing, he said: 'We practice every night, and you know practice makes perfect.'"

"'Yes, that is good, but how do you manage to keep them together.'"

"'That is easy enough also. Every farmer keeps his band, and we have on hand at all times students who can fill a vacancy when required, but this is rare, and we have always the same band and voices playing together. This is the secret of their good performances.'"

"'As regards keeping them together should a member leave—which as I have said is rare—we soon find applicants for the place.'"

"'We do not ask the applicant anything about farm work (we can teach them those requirements with much greater ease than we can make musicians,) but we say what instrument do you play? 'The clarionette' says the applicant.' 'You won't do, I want a leading violin,' and when we find the player that suits us he is engaged.'"

"I enquired," said the Rev. Taylor, "whether the men did not feel more inclined for sleep after a hard days work than they did for music."

"'I must confess,' says the farmer 'that we do feel a little sleepy after supper, but then the music soon puts us all right, and sometimes they get so inspired that I have to remind them of the hour, and break up. I can tell you,' said he, 'that it pays to keep a band, independent of the amusement, for we have a great deal more work done than we otherwise should.'"

Similar accounts reached the British Parliament, and it induced them in the year 1840 to employ Mr. Hullah to proceed to Paris in company with the Committee of Council on Education to inspect the method adopted in the elementary schools; and also to communicate with the Minister of Public Instruction, and with Mr. Wilhem,—the compiler of the system taught in Paris—previous to the preparation of a work for the use of the elementary schools in England.

Having written as much as you have space to insert I will delay—until my next paper—reference to Mr. Hullah's operations in class teaching in England.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

FOR MAY.

See to peas, move the ground about them, and if dry, water in the middle of the day. Stick long growers, and if you choose, half-dwarfs also. Where parsnip, carrot, onion and other small seeds have been planted last month on dry land, see to them, they may want water. Uncover and tie up grape vines. Look after and procure early cabbage plants, set out freely, and dispense not with the tomato. If frame plants cannot be had, sow good seed in the open grounds, plant liberally and eat freely. Transplant lettuce, and keep young cress wet on dry land, and if you have bread and butter, eat cress and young lettuce with it, with a liberal sprinkling of young onions. Let young women eat salads freely instead of stone coal, old adobies and other rubbish, and drink cold water instead of strong tea, coffee or vinegar. Sow more peas and radish seed, and plant potatoes on new ground for early use. Cut out seed from rhubarb plants, mulch and keep them wet. Look at asparagus rows and prepare for a feast. Keep all newly transplanted trees, cuttings and young tree plants from the seed, judiciously watered after hot dry days. Hoe strawberry rows carefully and water in the middle of the day, for they need much moisture while forming their flowers and fruit. Cut out suckers from roses, and fork into flower beds manure two or three years old; trim perrennials, and sow the seed of annuals in finely pulverized ground. Suspend the sowing of wheat till the grasshoppers have taken to wing; have the land ready and then sow fearlessly. Make and drink dandelion beer, it sweetens the blood, and corrects the stomach and bowels; use the root and tops. Clean out cellars, and whitewash the walls of sleeping and living rooms, for it is more expensive to be a physician than a whitewasher.

G. D. WATT.